

# RURAL REPOSITORY,

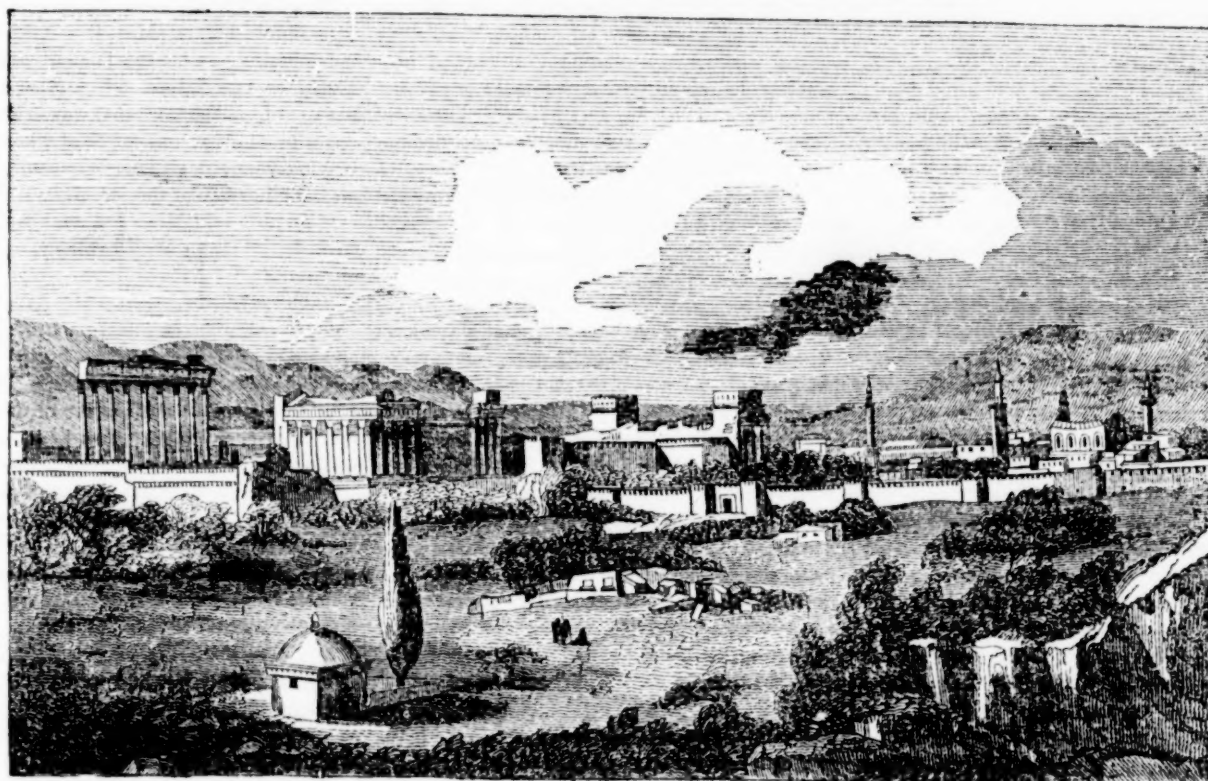
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## VIEW OF BAALBEC.



BAALBEC is situated very pleasantly, at the foot of Anti-Lebanon, on the last rising ground where the mountain terminates in the plain. It is still the site of a small town, the habitations composing which adjoin to, or are dispersed among the ruins—the whole being mostly enclosed within the same wall; which walls, says Wood, “like those of the other ancient cities of Asia, seem the confused patchwork of different ages.” We suppose that Burekhardt has in view no other walls when he says: “The walls of the ancient city may still be traced, and include a larger space than the modern town ever occupied, even in its most flourishing state. Its circuit may be between three and four miles.”

The ruins of Baalbec make a very different impression from those of Tadmor. The distant view of the latter, in its wide-spread desolation and dispersed grandeur, is far more impressive than that of Baalbec; but there are no single ruins at Palmyra so worthy of admiration as the ruined temples at Baalbec. Wood says: “When we compare the ruins of Baalbec with those of many ancient cities we have visited in Greece, Egypt, and other parts of Asia, we cannot help thinking them the remains of the boldest plan that appears to have been ever attempted in architecture.” These remains consist of the grand temple of the sun, with its courts and most magnificent portico; another temple, near the

former, but on lower ground, and which, although of smaller dimensions, is still very large, and in a less ruined condition; and a third, a most beautiful octagonal or circular temple, which is in the inhabited part of the town, and is or was used by the Christians as a church. Burekhardt, who did not, like other travelers, approach the city from the usual Damascus road, mentions another temple in the plain, at half an hour’s walk from the town, and which seems to have escaped the notice of Maundrell, Wood, Volney, and others. From his brief notice it seems to resemble the last mentioned, in being an octagonal building. But it is of an order resembling the Doric, and its eight columns are of very beautiful granite. With this exception, and that of a single isolated Doric column within the town, the remains of Baalbec are of the Corinthian order, like those of Tadmor; but in a style of architecture far more rich and grand. Mangles, in speaking of the columns of the grand colonnade forming the approach to the great temple at Baalbec, says: “The beauty and elegance of these pillars are surprising. Their diameter is seven feet; and we estimated their altitude at between fifty and sixty feet [sixty-eight feet] exclusive of the epistylum, which is twenty feet deep, and composed of immense blocks of stone, in two layers, each of ten feet in depth. The whole of this is elaborately orna-

mented with rich carved work in various devices.” All travelers mention with astonishment the enormous size of the stones employed, particularly those of the terrace or subassement of the great temple. The vast size of these blocks of stone, and the height at which some of them are found, have led the natives to entertain the opinion that Solomon obliged the demons to labor in his works; which indeed they say of other buildings attributed to him—as Tadmor and the temple of Jerusalem. Near the city walls there is a quarry from which these immense stones appear to have been taken, and where some vast blocks still remain, prepared for use; while the stone for the more ornamental part of the buildings seems to have been derived from a quarry of course white marble at a greater distance. Volney says the buildings are constructed with “white granite;” but Burekhardt corrects him, by observing that the stone is “of the primitive calcareous kind, but harder than the stone of Tadmor.”

We need not say here, as at Tadmor, it would be idle to look for any buildings erected by Solomon. All the ruins are in the Græco-Roman style, and probably none are anterior to the Christian era. It is not, however, by any means improbable, that the subassement and foundation walls, which excite so much astonishment by the enormous size of the stones employed, may have

been of much more ancient construction—even of the age of Solomon, who, as he procured "great stones" from a distance, for the construction of the Jerusalem temple, was still more likely to employ "great stones" when the quarries were close at hand.—*Sear's Pictorial Illustrations of the Bible.*

### Select Tales.

#### THE GAME OF CHESS.

By the authoress of "The Cottage in the Glen," "Sensibility," "Losing and Winning," "Fashionable and Unfashionable Wife," etc.

"I can scarcely believe my senses," said Mr. Chauncey, as he was one morning sitting with Mrs. Atkins, "I can scarcely believe my senses, when I see my old classmate, whom I left out of college, and my little friend Susan Leigh whom I found sitting on her father's knee when I called to take leave before my departure for Europe, now married, settled, established for life! It seems impossible! I have always thought of you as a child!"

Mrs. Atkins smiled. "You forget that we are all six years older than when you left us; and perhaps you forget too, that I was the youngest child, and had the privilege of sitting on my father's knee much longer than daughters are wont to do. You and Charles are about the same age, and I am but five years my husband's junior. Do you feel too young to marry?"

"Oh no; I am now six-and-twenty, one year your husband's senior; and now that my wanderings are over, I should really like to marry soon, could I find a woman possessing those qualities I wish in a wife, who would unite her fate with mine."

"I conclude your taste has become fastidious, from your observations of beauty and accomplishments in Europe," said Mrs. Atkins.

"No, not exactly so; but from close observation of domestic life, I design to be guided by judgment rather than fancy in my choice; and sincerely hope I shall never be so much fascinated by the charms of any one as to be unable to form a correct opinion of her real character."

"You will not find it particularly easy to fall in love *designedly*," said Mrs. Atkins, laughingly, "nor to save yourself from falling in love by the efforts of reason and judgment. Of one thing, however, your remark has satisfied me; at present you are completely heart's whole."

"That is certainly true; and it is equally true that I am perfectly willing to fall in love with the first lady I meet, with whom there is a reasonable hope of living happily."

"You really contemplate the subject with the most enviable coolness," said Mrs. Atkins, again laughing. "I do not recollect to have heard any young gentleman talk of love and matrimony with such perfect calmness and self-possession. How charming it will be, should the lady of your choice exercise as much judgment and have as little enthusiasm as yourself! Truly nothing would be likely to disturb the even tenor of your way!"

"It is very possible to talk of fire without growing warm," said Mr. Chauncey smiling. But, seriously, I hope to love my wife, should I ever marry, with my whole soul. What misery

to have one with such discordant qualities as would alternately kindle and quench the flame of affection. The heart must soon wither under such a process! It is my full belief that

*L' hymen et ses leins*

*Sont le plus grands ou des maux ou des biens;*

and I would therefore use circumspection in a matter of so much consequence. Let me rather pursue the journey of life alone, than to feel a doubt whether the society of my wife will increase or diminish my happiness. Should my heart ever be warmed to love," he added, while his eyes beamed in a manner that showed how earnestly he could love. "Should my heart ever be warmed to love, may it burn brighter and clearer, until lost in that world the only element of which is love! May my wife be a gentle spirit to accompany me in the path to heaven, and lure me back to it, if tempted to stray—and not a scourge to drive me thither as the only place of refuge from herself."

"You have grown so solemn, Mr. Chauncey," said Mrs. Atkins, "and seem to look for a wife so free from human imperfections, so angelic, that I am almost afraid to tell you that I am expecting a visit from two of my young friends, with one or other of whom I had hoped you might be pleased."

"I do not expect freedom from human imperfections, Mrs. Atkins, but I do hope freedom from gross defects. But who are these friends of whom you speak?"

"The eldest, who is not far from my own age, is my cousin, Augusta Leigh, and the other is Abby Eustace, my favorite school friend, who is two years younger."

"And can you tell me nothing concerning them but their names and ages?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"No—positively I will tell you nothing else, except that either of them is pretty enough for a man who does not make beauty his requisite in a wife;—each has fortune enough for one who does not marry expressly for money. This is all I wish to tell you, but as they will be here in the course of a week, you will have an opportunity of studying their respective characters for yourself."

After a few minutes' thoughtful silence, Mr. Chauncey said—

"No, Mrs. Atkins, I think I shall not be fastidious; I think I shall be able to overlook imperfections in my wife, as I hope she would be willing to do in me. Qualities and acquirements which many might deem indispensable, I could dispense with; but there is one quality that I consider of primary importance—and next to pure and firm principles, that is what I seek for in the lady of my choice."

"And what is that," asked Mrs. Atkins.

"You will forgive me if I do not answer that question. I wish to observe and judge for myself, and shall be more likely to judge correctly, if it is not known for what I am looking."

"Well," said Mrs. Atkins, "you appear very moderate and reasonable in your demands—and yet, were I an unmarried lady I should be more afraid of you than any young gentleman I have seen. Really, you are so calm, and reasonable and scrutinizing, as to be quite terrifying. Give

me the creature of impulse—of passion—of enthusiasm, who will be too much carried away with his own feeling, to be able to investigate my character too nicely; whose warm imagination will clothe me in the virtues and attractions of its own rosy hues.

"Surely," she added after a momentary pause, "Surely had Charles been of your temperament, I should never have known the happiness of being his wife!"

One day about a week after the preceding conversation had taken place, Mrs. Atkins was seated in her parlor with her two friends, who had arrived a day or two before, when Miss Leigh raised her eyes from the work that was in her hand to an opposite window, and inquired who that elegant looking young man was, conversing with a lady on the other side of the street.

"That?" said Mrs. Atkins, advancing to the window—"that is Mr. Chauncey, one of Charles' old friends."

"The same," answered Mr. Atkins.

"He will give us a call presently, I dare say, as he comes here very often."

Before Mr. Chauncey arrives there is just time to sketch a hasty outline of the portraits of the two young ladies. Miss Leigh was tall, well made, and commanding in her person. Her face was brilliant, with black eyes and dark hair, but rather pale than otherwise, except when tinted with some degree of excitement. Miss Eustace was rather below the medium of stature of women, beautifully formed, and the most cheerful, happy looking creature in the world.

Her eyes shaded by long silken lashes, were of an indefinable color, and were dark or light, as intellect and feeling were awakened, or lay quiet. Her face was blooming; yet the color was so constantly changing its shade, that it seemed but the attendant on a heart "alive to every touch of joy and woe."

Mrs. Atkins was right. In a few minutes Mr. Chauncey came in, and was made acquainted with the young ladies. When Miss Leigh's name was mentioned, she calmly raised her eyes and answered his civilities with the self-possession that is common to well bred young ladies, on being made known to a stranger, but when Miss Eustace's turn came her color heightened to a burning glow, and a slight and rather tremulous courtesy, was the only answer she made to the few words of compliment he uttered. "Has he forgotten," thought she as she resumed her seat—"can he have forgotten?"

Mr. Chauncey lengthened his visit to nearly an hour, but it differed not materially from other visits of similar kind. The conversation was of a general and desultory character, and carried on in a lively manner by Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey and Miss Leigh—Miss Eustace never uttered a word, except when directly addressed. On taking leave, Mr. Chauncey promised to profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit them very frequently.—He was literally *in search of a wife*; and it was his wish to become really acquainted with those young ladies he met, in whom there was nothing which from the first moment told him that an union with them was impossible. The two friends of Mrs. Atkins were certainly not of this number, and his study of their charac-



ters soon became deeply interesting; that of Miss Leigh, because she had a great deal of character, was free, entertaining, even fascinating in conversation, with a heart overflowing with kindly feelings, and a head filled with noble sentiments and independent thought: that of Miss Eustace, because he had to judge her by her countenance, as she was extremely retiring and taciturn when he was present. Her face, however, was no very dull study; for of her, if of any one, it might perhaps have been said, "Her body thought:" and occasionally, when he met her eye, there was a flash across his memory of something he had long before seen, or felt, or dreamed—an undefinable sensation of pleasure, but too evanescent to be caught or retained.

"How do you like Susan's guests, Horace?" Mr. Atkins inquired one day, after Mr. Chauncey had seen them a number of times.

"How am I to form an opinion of Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"She, indeed, *looks* very much alive, but never utters a word when she can avoid it."

"How!" said Mr. Atkins. "I had never discovered that she is not as conversational and entertaining as Augusta, and far more playful."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chauncey. "But it certainly has not been so when I have met them. I think Miss Leigh peculiarly brilliant and pleasing in conversation. She appears to be a fine, a noble girl."

"They are both fine, noble girls," said Mr. Atkins. "It is not every day we meet those who are equally so."

Mr. Atkins had not often been at home when his friends were at his house—but Mr. Chauncey's remark led him to notice Miss Eustace particularly, whenever he witnessed their succeeding interviews. One evening Mr. Chauncey was with them, and Mr. Atkins chanced to be seated a little apart from his wife, her cousin, and Mr. C. who were, as usual, in the full tide of conversation, when Miss Eustace, on rising to leave the room, passed near him. He caught her hand, and drawing her towards him, said in a low tone:

"Where is your voice, this evening, Abby?"

"My voice!" said Miss Eustace.

"Oh, I am glad you have not lost it—but why have you not spoken for these two hours?"

"And have I not?" asked Miss Eustace.

"Scarcely," answered Mr. Atkins.

"Then I suppose it was because I had nothing to say," said the smiling girl.

"But you are not usually so silent," remarked Mr. Atkins.

"Perhaps it would be better if I were. But truly, though you may doubt it, there are times when I had much rather listen than talk."

"Especially when my friend Horace is exerting his colloquial powers, hey?"

"Just as you please, sir," said Miss Eustace, again smiling, but with some little appearance of embarrassment, and withdrawing her hand she left the room. Mr. Chauncey did profit by the invitation of Mrs. Atkins, to visit her very frequently. Miss Eustace interested him. He loved, when not too much engrossed in conversation himself, to watch the bright, the cheerful, intellectual, though ever varying expression of her countenance. Her eyes seemed fountains of

light and love and happiness; and the dimples about her mouth and cheeks, the very abode of joy and content. There was something about her to soothe and exhilarate at the same time. But Miss Leigh soon awakened in him a deeper, a more engrossing interest. Her talents, which were neither concealed nor displayed, commanded his admiration; her compassionate feelings and elevated principles won his esteem; so that scarcely three weeks had elapsed from the commencement of his acquaintance with her, ere he was more sedulously aiming to learn how he might make himself more agreeable to her, than to ascertain whether the *indispensable* quality for a good wife, was a component part of her character.

One fine morning, Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, Mr. Chauncey, and the young ladies were to go out on horseback. The three former were ready and waiting in the parlor, when the two latter came from their chamber.

"You have very becoming riding caps, young ladies," said Mr. Atkins, "but I think neither of you have put them on quite right. Come Abby," he added, playfully, "let me adjust yours more to my own mind."

"Oh, do," said Miss Eustace, holding up her blooming face; "make me look as pretty as you possibly can."

"There!" said Mr. Atkins, after drawing the cap a little more on one side; "I will leave it to the company if that is not a great improvement? Now Augusta, let me try my hand at yours."

"No, thank you, sir," said Miss Leigh, elevating her head, while her color was somewhat heightened—"I will wear my cap according to my own taste this morning, if you please."

"Oh, I beg a thousand pardons for my presumption," said Mr. Atkins, "your taste is much more correct than mine, I really beg your pardon."

Miss Leigh made no reply, but gave her hand to Mr. Chauncey, who was waiting to receive it, and the little party immediately started on their excursion. For a while they all were silent, and seemed entirely engrossed in the management of their horses, but the weather was charming—their exercises exhilarating; and ere long, each one was enjoying a fine flow of spirits. They rode several miles, and on their return home encountered a company of Irish people, men, women, and children. They looked way-worn and weary; and the faces of the children even wore an expression of anxiety and depression, as if they felt all the force of the friendlessness of strangers in a strange land. Mr. Atkins and his friends stopped to talk with them a few minutes, and bestow charity according to each one's ability or inclination, and then rode on.

"Oh, Mr. Chauncey," said Miss Leigh in a low tone, after riding a little way in silence, "what pitiable objects those people were! As good by nature, and undoubtedly some of them at least, much more amiable in disposition than myself—why is it that there is so vast a difference in our lots? How is it that I can ever be ungrateful and perverse, while thus distinguished by unnumbered and undeserved blessings?" Her tone was that of the deepest sympathy and humility, and her eyes were swimming in tears as she spoke.

Had Mr. Chauncey uttered the thought of his heart he would have told her that she was the

most amiable, the most deserving among the whole family of man! And his eyes did utter it so far as his eyes were capable of utterance, though his tongue only spoke of the vast disparity that Infinite Wisdom sees best to make in the outward circumstances of his creatures in the world. When about taking leave at Mr. Atkins' door, Mr. Chauncey received a pressing invitation to return to take tea, and spend the evening—an invitation he promptly accepted.

At an early hour in the evening, Mr. Chauncey was seated amid his circle of friends in Mr. Atkins' parlor. Before tea was brought in, and while at the table, conversation flowed as usual; and it was conversation—the exercise of the mind, the collision of wit, the interchange of opinion, the expression of sentiment, and not the idle and frivolous chit chat, and not the oftentimes mischievous and envenomed gossip that is sometimes so mis-called. After the tea things were removed, and the ladies had settled themselves to their several employments, Mr. Chauncey, at the request of Mrs. Atkins, read aloud the best of Mrs. Opie's tales, viz: "White Lies." Mr. Chauncey's voice was rich and mellow, his intonations and emphasis perfect, so that whatever he read produced the full effect the author intended. His present little auditory paid him the compliment of the most profound silence, till he had finished the tale and closed the volume.

"That is a faultless story," said Mr. Atkins. "Do you not think so?" All except Miss Eustace expressed their approbation of it in warm terms. She remained silent.

"What says my little Abby to it?" said Mr. Atkins. "Does she dissent from the common opinion?"

"I think it highly interesting and instructive," Miss Eustace replied, "but not faultless."

"Pray, point out the faults," said Mr. Atkins, "Let us have the benefit of your *critique* upon it."

Miss Eustace blushed and begged to be excused. She was very sorry she had expressed any feeling of disapprobation. But Mr. Atkins persisted she should point out the defects she discovered, in which he was joined by the rest of the circle. Blushing still more deeply, Miss Eustace said—

"Clara could not have felt true friendship for Eleanor, or she would not have manifested joy where the latter was proved so base."

"Clara's own explanation that she had a *dearer* friend, at whose escape she rejoiced, was a sufficient apology."

This opinion, though differently expressed, was uttered by every one at the same moment, Mr. Chauncey excepted.

"That as I think, is another defect," said Miss Eustace. "Was there no indecency in her permitting that *dearer* friend to see that she loved him, and calculated on the offer of his hand, while he had yet made no declaration of attachment to her?"

"Her amiable sincerity would atone for that fault," if it could be called a fault," said Mr. Atkins.

"Hardly, I think," said Miss Eustace. "I always was sorry the passage was written, especially as it was written by a woman, and have ever been inclined to *jump* it when reading the

tale. I like not that female delicacy should be sacrificed even at the shrine of sincerity. But Mrs. Opie not unfrequently sins against the more refined and retiring delicacy of her sex."

"In what other instance do you think she has done it, Miss Eustace?" asked Mr. Chauncey.

"In many," Miss Eustace replied. "Any one who understands the true female character, and who will read her works carefully, will easily detect them."

"Oh name them, name them, Abby," said Mr. Atkins.

"Yes, name some others," said Mrs. Atkins. "There is one in Mandiline that now occurs to me," said Miss Eustace, "that struck me as grossly indelicate, and, indeed, not true to nature. Mandiline says of herself, that she sang *louder* than usual one evening when she supposed that Mr. Falconer was listening behind the hedge, that he might hear her."

"Was that false to nature as well as indelicate, Abby?" asked Mr. Atkins.

Coloring more highly than ever, while her silken lashes fell over her eyes, as if to express their deep expression, she replied—

"I should have supposed that the idea of the proximity of one so dear to her, under such circumstances would have rendered it impossible for her to sing as loud as usual, if indeed she could sing at all."

Mr. Atkins, who was seated by her, whispered in her ear—"What happy fellow taught you so much of the effect of the tender passion, Abby?"

This question covered her whole face and neck with a glow of carmine; but in a low and somewhat tremulous tone, she said—

"May not instinct teach a woman how she would probably be affected under such circumstances?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Atkins, "but for all that, I do suspect you most grievously."

All the party continued to converse in the most animated manner Miss Eustace excepted. She was making a feather screen for Mrs. Atkins, and she now applied herself to her work with the utmost diligence, and in perfect silence.

"Do let us hear the sound of your voice again, Abby," said Mr. Atkins in an under tone. "You have maintained the most profound silence for more than an hour. Pray, speak once again."

"I will," said Miss Eustace, "for I am just going to ask Augusta if my screen will do."

"I can tell you that it will," said Mr. Atkins, "it is very handsomely made."

But Miss Leigh differed from him in opinion. "It is not as pretty as it might be, Abby," said she. "The different colored feathers are not so arranged as to produce the best effect."

"Are they not?" said Miss Eustace, "I have been trying to make it as pretty as possible. But you are correct, Augusta," added she, after holding the screen in different points of view; "It is really a gaudy looking thing. I will give it to some child who needs a fan, and will be delighted with its gay colors, and make another for my friend."

"Oh no," Abby, said Mrs. Atkins, "you shall not take that trouble. This is really a handsome screen."

"So I thought," said Miss Eustace, "until

Augusta helped to open my eyes to its glaring defects. No, no I will make another for you. Should you carry this, it might be thought that a Sachem had robbed some fair one of his tribe, and laid the spoils at your feet. I should take no pleasure in giving you anything so ill-looking—in such a bad taste."

"Just as you please, dear," said Mrs. Atkins, "though I am sorry you should give yourself so much trouble."

"I shall not esteem it any trouble," said Miss Eustace as she resumed her seat, and at the same time her taciturnity.

Miss Leigh was peculiarly happy this evening. Mr. Chauncey did not it is true, converse with her any more than usual, nor say anything to her that he might not have said to another; but there was something in his manner, in the tone of his voice, and in the expression of his eyes that betrayed his admiration, his growing preference. Mrs. Atkins observed it with much pleasure. She truly loved Miss Eustace, and would not have been dissatisfied, had she become the object of Mr. Chauncey's choice; yet her cousin Augusta was the one she had in her own mind selected for his wife. But Mr. Atkins saw it with something like regret. Though he really thought that Miss Leigh was as he had said to Mr. Chauncey, a fine, a noble-minded girl, yet she was not his favorite of the two young ladies. He loved Mr. Chauncey, with a warm attachment; and Miss Eustace according to his opinion, was the very person to secure his happiness.

After Mr. Chauncey took leave, Mr. Atkins and Miss Eustace chanced to be left alone a short time when the former abruptly said—

"You really vex me, Abby."

"Vex you! how? I am very sorry," said Miss Eustace.

"Why, here is my friend Horace, who is decidedly the finest fellow I ever knew, whom you are permitting Augusta to carry off, without one effort to contest the prize?"

"Effort! Mr. Atkins?" said Miss Eustace. "Would you have me *make an effort* to attract his attention?"

"No—not exactly make an effort;—but I would have you to do yourself justice—would have you let him see a little what you are. Why cannot you talk as much when he is here, as you do at other times?"

"You are not laughing at me?" said Miss Eustace. "I have been quite ashamed of myself ever since I was drawn on to say so much about Mrs. Opie's works."

"The only time you have spoken this evening," said Mr. Atkins. "Truly you have great cause to be ashamed of your loquacity! Why, Augusta said more words to him in half an hour to-night, than he has heard you utter since you have been here!"

"It may be so," said Miss Eustace; "but you may depend upon it, Mr. Atkins, that I will never speak a word when I should otherwise be silent, nor say any thing different from what I should otherwise say, to secure the attention or meet the approbation of any gentleman in the world."

"You are incorrigible!" said Mr. Atkins. "And another thing—either you dislike Horace, or are attached to some other man—I suspect the

latter. I have watched you a little this evening, and noticed a shade of sadness—of melancholy on your brow, that I never saw before. I do not wish my dear Abby, from idle curiosity, to pry into the secrets of your heart—but tell me—is not my suspicion correct?"

"I do most truly assure you that it is not," Miss Eustace had just time to reply, ere Miss Leigh re-entered the parlor, and the former immediately left the room.

"Oh, how thankful I am," thought she as she shut herself in her chamber—"how thankful I am that he framed his question as he did, otherwise what could I have done? Dislike Horace Chauncey! Love some other man! Oh, would the former were true. Would I had passed through the same Lethé in which he seems to have been plunged! But no matter—I will soon go home, and then strive to grow forgetful of myself; for never will I try to refresh his memory; Sad! said Mr. Atkins? I will not be so if I can help it!" Humming a cheerful air, which however, lost something of its sprightliness, though none of its melody, as she warbled it, she returned to the parlor.

As day succeeded day, the visits of Mr. Chauncey became more frequent, and the interest Miss Leigh inspired, more obvious. The seat next her he always, if possible, secured; if that was occupied, the back of her chair frequently afforded him a support. He interested himself in all her pursuits—looked over the book she was reading—examined and admired her work—and never seemed completely happy unless near her, and having some object of mutual interest.

Meantime, despite Miss Eustace's resolution, she was frequently sad; and notwithstanding her efforts at concealment, which led her to be unnaturally gay, Mr. Atkins saw it. He was observing her closely and silently, not even suggesting to Mrs. Atkins that any change was coming over her friend.—But he noticed immediately after the frolic or the joke was passed, a seriousness rested upon her features, as unnatural to them as frivolity was to her manners. When Mr. Chauncey was present, she indeed appeared not much different from formerly, except that her cheek was less dimpled with a smile, her eyes were more intently fixed on her work, and her silence, if possible, was more profound than ever. Sometimes, when a pang of peculiar bitterness shot through her heart, she would resolve on closing her visit immediately; but when she hinted the intention to Mrs. Atkins, that lady seemed so much hurt, and so strenuously opposed to such a measure, that she abandoned the idea. Yet how could she stay three months longer—which was the term originally fixed for her visit—that which was constantly changing, causing her disquietude! Often in the retirement of her chamber, she would take herself to task—"How foolish, how worse than foolish I have been, thus year after year, to let one idea engross my heart, without ever looking forward, for a moment, to a result like this!—Common sense, common prudence, common discretion, would have taught me better! Yet I consulted neither; but permitted my foolish imagination to indulge itself at the expense of my peace. Childish imagination! but I will thus indulge myself no longer.—This attachment shall



be rooted out! He and Augusta will make a noble couple! I see it, much as my heart rebels against it. They will love and be happy. What if she will not study his every wish, as I could not help doing, and lose her very being in his! he will love her; and the observation of her shining qualities will leave no time to regret the absence of trifling and minor attention to virtues. *I must, I will* forget this dream of years, which else will involve me in misery, if not in guilt. Too much has my heart already been divided between heaven and earth! and richly do I deserve this suffering for permitting a creature, however exalted in virtue—and Oh, how exalted he is! how far above all others that I have seen! yet how wicked I have been, to permit him to engross so much of that which before His sacred altar, I promised should be first of all for my God! Father," she cried while she raised her tearful eyes to Heaven, "draw my affections to thyself, though my heart-strings should be severed."

Both Miss Leigh and Miss Eustace were much attached to Mrs. Atkins, and were frequently employed in making some fancy article—some elegant trifle, to leave behind them as tokens of their regard. Miss Eustace had finished a screen, which could not but satisfy the most delicate taste, and was now engaged in embroidering a white satin reticule for her friend; while Miss Leigh was making a pyramid of various kinds of shells, as an ornament for the mantle piece. This last was quite an arduous undertaking, as many of the shells were exceedingly small, and great skill and taste were required, so to arrange them, as at once to match them with precision and display their beauty to the greatest advantage.

All the little circle at Mr. Atkins' watched the progress of the pyramid with interest, and admiration of its beauty, and the taste of the fair architect. Mr. Chauncey was almost a daily witness of its increasing height, and certainly not behind any one in the praise bestowed on it. He would set for an hour together, assorting the shells, and admiring the delicate fingers that fitted them in their places so neatly; above all admired the power that enabled the architect to carry on a work that seemed to require so much care and ingenuity, while her mind seemed quite free to engage in any subject of conversation, however foreign to her employment.

[Concluded in our next.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### THE REUNITED.

THE Angelic Harps were mute. The Halle-lujahs ceased. Nor longer roamed the sacred Zephyrs among the Islands of the Blest; but slept in holy stillness on the waveless bosom of the crystal sea. And where they strolled amid Elysian groves, or climbed the Golden Mount, or wandered by the Silver Lakes; the pure unnumbered hosts of heaven hushed every note of praise, and veiling with their snowy wings their bending forms listed in breathless awe the words of the Unseen. From out the clouds, which hide the glory of that Form, Angels nor highest Lord in heaven may look upon and live, came forth the voice. Clear—full—sweet—as though in its one

sound were blended all the blissful notes and thrilling harmonies of heaven. So loud—that all the countless throng of shining orbs paused in their course obeisant;—so soft, that they who nearest bended round the Jasper Throne, seemed but to hear some sweetest whisper breathed by lips of Love, "E'en silence bowed enraptured" as the Highest spake:—

"Let there be joy in Heaven! Gabriel come thou within the Holy Cloud, and learn my secret will. Children of Peace! renew your notes of bliss, and to your loftiest hymns add loftier strains; for lo! a child of Earth comes to the realm of Bliss. Let there be joy in Heaven!" The Highest ceased. Thrice bended down the Angelic host in solemn adoration, then as their wings unveiled their bright resplendent forms glowing with the irradiant beauty of the Eternal's smile; in one loud swell of fullest, sweetest, most seraphic sound burst forth anew the anthem—allelujah. As thus they worshipped, Gabriel came forth from the Eternal's cloud girt Throne, his robes so dazzling in their brilliancy, that he but seemed the fainter image of the glory unrevealed; and as he passed amid the praising throng, such smiles as Angels only wear beamed forth responding to his look of perfect bliss. Onward he sped by many a grove and sunny field where Angels feasted from the fair Tree of Life, or twined them chaplets of the bright flowers of Love. Before a crystal bower entwined with vines whose golden fruits distilled the nectar streams, the Seraph paused. From out that lovely haunt, a solitary harp sent forth its wild, sweet, plaintive melody far o'er the glassy sea; whose numbers for a moment woke a thrill of rapture in the seraph's breast. Then as they sank to music's faintest sigh; the seraph, catching up the dying note, with voice whose tones seemed but the echoes of heaven's sweetest notes, thus spake:—"Sweet Spirit that minglest with thy notes of joy repinings for the loved of Earth, come from thy vine-clad bower. The Highest calls thee forth. His eye hath glanced upon the universal scroll, and read the wish thou breathest; what time thy feet first entered Paradise. Thy prayer, which then He heard, now the Eternal grants. Go now, so wills the Highest, and faithful to that prayer, conduct the cherished to thy happy bower."

In silent rapture the spirit listened while the Seraph spoke, and as he ceased thrice bended down in lowly reverence; then as Gabriel returned to announce his errand done; spreading her snowy wings she soared on high, and with her harp now tuned to loftiest notes, floated above the Elysian fields and passed without the golden gates.

Slowly faded the last bright sunbeams of the dying day: and hill and vale, and the clear blue lake reflected back the rays which fell like streams of gold from the cloudless sky. Sweetly upon the breeze arose the vesper hymn of birds, and nature's gentle hum of praise, while rippling waves and rustling leaves awoke their murmurs at the Zephyr's call, and whispered grateful thanks. From out an humble cot that lifted up its snowy walls like the fair temple of such a lovely scene, came forth a rich sweet strain of sacred

song, now sinking down to "tuneful whispers," now loudly swelling with the rising gale, till rock and grove sang out, "Glory to God and peace on earth!" Beneath that lowly roof, a soul redeemed longed for eternal bliss, a spirit waited for its "summons hence." Sorrow and toil had broken down the mortal tenement, disease and pain had wasted away the manly form, and Death was e'en now twining his cypress wreath around that lofty brow, but still the eye beamed bright, and such sweet looks of peace as "earth can neither give nor take away," lighted his haggard face, as with feeble voice he joined the hymn of praise. The anthem ceased. The "white robed Priest" approached the dying bed bearing the consecrated Elements, and with eyes upraised to heaven pronounced the words once breathed by lips divine. Oh! 'twas a sacred sight!—the dying saint whose pallid face now beamed celestial smiles—the kneeling forms of weeping friends—the blessing priest, his snowy robes glistening with the fading sunbeams; with looks of meekness, love and purity. Such sights the Angels look upon and weep their tears of joy.—The holy rite was done. The feast was over, and the soul was strengthened for her upward flight.

"Mother," murmured the dying man, breaking the solemn stillness of the scene, and fixing his fast dimming eye upon an aged form that bended o'er his couch. "Mother hear you that strain? It is Adele's voice calling me away."

The mother wept and kissed his trembling lips. "Nay, mother, do not weep, I am so happy. There, dear mother, do you not hear that voice again. Yes, I will come. Dear mother, raise me up and let me look once more upon the quiet lake." They bore him from the couch before the open window that looked far down upon the lake, and o'er that lovely scene, and as his head reclined upon his mother's breast, his eye now glowing with unearthly brightness wandered o'er each remembered haunt. "Mother," said he, "do you remember how Adele loved this bright, bright spot. How oft we roamed that sloping hill, how oft our bark skimmed o'er that placid lake. And see, dear mother, on that fairy isle we first disclosed our mutual love: and in yon lovely bower we pledged our vows, and 'twas, dear mother, in this same quiet room, gazing upon these cherished scenes dear Adele became an angel. Nay, do not weep dear mother. And do you not remember as Adele passed, how sweetly she smiled on me, and prayed that heaven would not divide us long, and that she might come to guide me home. Hark! dear mother! Do you not hear her calling me away, and see, see, she comes dear Adele.—His voice sank to the softest whisper while his eye beamed with that peculiar brightness that announced death. "Do you not hear?" said the dying youth again breaking the death-like stillness. "Do you not hear?" And a faint smile of holy triumph played across his brow. They heard—and imitating the sacred priest bended with awe. All save the mother, who fondly clasped the death-stricken to her heaving bosom, and wildly gazed upon the evening sky. Again the strain was heard. Sweet, plaintive, unearthly came the notes that whispered through that quiet room. And oh

what holy spells were breathed in those soft sounds. Peace, resignation to the mourner, triumphant joy to the departing. Once more the group were ranged around the dying bed, watching with intense interest the last faint breath. The closing eye beamed with its latest smile—again that heavenly strain was heard, and the spirit had gone forth.

Once more stood Gabriel by the Spirit's bower. And on his either side were ranged in bright array heaven's rapturous hosts, swelling their hymns of joy, and gazing with wistful eyes upon the glassy sea. Swift o'er its silver waves, urged by ambrosial gales sped on a golden bark, and touched the pearly shores! And as from out its prow two spirit forms alighted, higher rang the Harps, and brighter beamed the smiles that told the Spirit's welcome to the Bower of Peace.

Mount Blanc, August, 1841. H. M. D.

For the Rural Repository.

### SCENES IN OUR VILLAGE.—No. 3.

Our village chronicles contain the history of a youth who was known by the euphonious and aristocratic name of Melville Rosewood. Heir to so fine a name, he did not hesitate to inherit therewith certain elevated and agreeable ideas of his own dignity and importance. As he grew to man's estate, he began to look about him for some profession by which to gain a livelihood. It is true he would have greatly preferred being an idle gentleman (if such an anomaly is possible,) to any employment whatsoever, but unfortunately his worthy sire was a man in humble life, whose few thousands were invested in the acres he improved, and yielded not a sufficient income to furnish forth "a gaudy spendthrift heir." The good man would gladly have placed his son in the same occupation as himself, and the health of young Rosewood, being not very robust, would probably have benefited by pure bracing air and the invigorating exercise of rural labor.

Not so thought our youth. His delicate hands could not bear such degrading contact with his mother earth; his slender form could not recline gracefully over the plough or spade. To escape such vulgar drudgery, he at length made choice of the medical profession and commenced his studies in the office of the village physician.

Here all would, he fancied, be ease and pleasure. The flowery paths of science were open before him, leading to future eminence and wealth. But alas! ere long he found many thorns among the flowers. His preceptor possessed some skill in surgery, and Rosewood was required to hold the bowl, prepare the instruments, and witness, if not assist in the appalling operation. Nor was this all. Pills and potions must be compounded, and he found to his sorrow that upon him devolved this agreeable and odoriferous part of a country practitioner's duties. His delicate fingers wore the hue of gamboge; his amber locks were not more redolent of Eau de Cologne than of assafœtida. Moreover he slept in the house of his instructor, and the sharp voice of the night-bell disturbed his midnight slumbers, and gave fearful presage of the miseries of future years. This would never do. He began to perceive that a medical life was one of toil and

exposure, and he exchanged it for one he fancied more agreeable. He resolved to be a merchant, and a few days saw him engaged as under clerk in the shop of a country trader.

Was he now better satisfied? By no means.

Casks of oil and molasses were unloaded at the door and Rosewood must convey them to their proper place, though his fair hands and summer suit lost a portion of their snowy whiteness. "Rosewood" said Mr. L. "measure that turpentine for the Dr. and take the jug to his office, and when you return you may carry that pile of codfish to Mrs. Wheeler's. A large quantity of butter, some of it half spoiled, must be cleaned and salted, and packed in casks for the city market. You will attend to it this afternoon."

"Cannot Harris do it?" "No; Harris is the head clerk and has the books to keep. He's always busy." These were but daily trials; and worse than these was one not seldom inflicted; that of listening for a full hour to the vulgar clatter of some beldame's tongue, who after troubling him to empty all his shelves, and being alternately disgusted and astonished at the qualities and prices of the goods exhibited, would walk off without parting with a cent. Such a life was not even tolerable, and our Hero started on a new course. Like the prodigal son he made the eager request, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." He had heard of glorious chances for speculation, and the life of a speculator must be free from toil and drudgery. How true he has found this assertion I am unable to say, but I am told that his funds are already dissipated, and the miserable struggle between pride and poverty is wearing deeply upon his health and spirits.

Let us hope he may yet return with humbler and more rational views of human life, and engage, zealously at last, in some useful and honorable occupation.

F. H. C.

Mass. Sept. 11, 1841.

### MISCELLANY.

#### A COQUETTE'S KISS.

"Love is the mistress of us all."

"How smooth the surface of the river is this evening! Surely the current is gentle enough to tempt even the timid Mary to venture a sail," said I, half ironically. "Come, here is a boat let us cross over and spend an hour with the Misses H——." "But it may be dark before we return, and then"—she hesitates. "Then we will return by the bridge," said I, "it is a delightful evening, and the last too, that I shall spend in your splendid village for the present so let us enjoy it."

She made no reply, but placing her hand in mine permitted me to seat her in the boat. A few strokes of the oar and we gained the centre of the river. The dwelling of the Misses H—— was situated some distance below, and yielding ourselves to the current we floated slowly down.

Report had assigned to Mary W—— the undeniable reputation of a heartless coquette. The village gossips would recount her almost numberless conquests, especially among the students of the neighboring college. Many a fascinated undergraduate had thought more of her than of his

studies and received for his trouble a coquette's smiles and his tutor's frowns. Mary was indeed beautiful, and of that graceful light-heartedness, which, more even than beauty, bewitches one, but which is so often, alas! found united with heartless coquetry. At first I was led to believe that what seemed the general opinion was true. But I soon thought otherwise. I could not but believe that a form so lovely enshrined a heart—a heart, too, susceptible of the purest and holiest passion that mortals know. My classmates, however, only smiled and shook their heads at what they called my infatuation. But I had noted her actions for some time, closely, and in a measure unobserved. The more I saw the more was I convinced that Mary had yet to love, and that when she did it would be with a fervor of which few are capable. Meantime our slight acquaintance gradually became intimacy, and it was said by the village gossips that I would soon be added to the catalogue of her victims. Thus the time passed by until the period for my departure had arrived, and on leaving my room on the last evening of my stay, I determined to know if she was the heartless being so generally considered, or if she was capable of loving and being loved.

For once her usual vivacity had deserted her, and our walk on this evening was, unlike the many which preceded it, almost a silent one.

"We return by the bridge, do we?" she inquired, as we left the Misses H——.

"If you prefer it. The distance is considerable however, perhaps it will be too fatiguing."

A few vain attempts at conversation, and we again walked on in silence. We had nearly reached her home, when she hesitatingly enquired—

"May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, two if you wish," I replied, somewhat piqued at her previous reserve.

"Who is Ellen C——?"

"A cousin of mine, and a pretty one too."

"You correspond with her?"

"Yes, and hope to see her soon."

"She is a lovely creature: such an one—"

"As poets love to dream of, artists paint."

We had now reached the grounds inclosing her father's residence. Instead of taking the path direct to the house, we had, unobserved by me, taken one leading to a small arbor, where we had frequently spent an hour in idle converse or in reading some favorite author. "I am fatigued; let us rest awhile," said Mary, as we reached it. We entered. I observed on the seat a volume of Tasso's Jerusalem which I had given her. I took it up.—Her glove was lying between the leaves opening to a particular passage—a favorite of mine. Apparently without noticing it, I referred to the pages which I had been reading during the day, and then spoke of some new publications which I had just received, offering to send them to her for her perusal during my absence in vacation.

"But you call again before you leave?"

"I think not. My uncle's carriage will arrive in the morning, and we shall leave as soon as the commencement is over."

"But you can call for a moment at least."

"Do you wish it?"

She looked up reproachfully. A tear stood



trembling in her eye. My arm encircled her waist and gently drew her to me. Our lips met; the first long kiss of love was given, and her head sunk upon my bosom. We breathed no vow, but that moment has long been to me the holiest one in memory.

I hear my wife's step approaching the library. "You are just in time Mary. Read this.—Have I sketched it correctly?"

"Yes—but—"

"But what?"

"You should not have written anything about—about."

"About what?"

"About that kiss."

"Well, not again."

"Your promise?"

"Yes, but that promise must be sealed or it will not be valid," and, gentle reader, my story is ended.

#### HOW TO PREPARE FOR A FLOGGING.

GEORGE S——, late a Lieutenant in the United States army, and a native of this county, was one of the most eccentric fellows in the world. When a boy, having incurred the displeasure of his father, the latter called him to an account; and after examining him as to the why and wherefore of his misconduct, resolved on applying the rod, now more fashionably called "hickory." But that the punishment might have the more salutary effect, instead of inflicting it immediately, he gave the culprit time to reflect, and chew the bitter end of repentance, made ten times more bitter by the anticipation of what was to follow. "George," said he, "you may go for the present, but prepare yourself early to-morrow morning, for the most severe flogging you ever had." George retired, and the next morning bright and early, appeared before his father to undergo the execution of his sentence. "Take off your coat, George," was the stern command. Off went the coat, and the father standing with the well prepared hickory in his hand, observed that his son's back, from one extremity to the other, appeared unusually protuberant. "What have you got on your back?" said he. "My jacket," replied the boy. "Well, what have you got under it?" demanded the father. "A leather apron four double," replied the lad.—"A leather apron have you, indeed! and what's that for?" "Why pa," said the youngster with a grave countenance, "you told me to prepare for a flogging, and I got as well prepared as I could."—"The angry father now turned away to hide a laugh, and the boy escaped a flogging by being so well prepared for it.—*Berkshire American.*

#### A MOTHER'S LESSON.

CHILD: Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother: I haven't got any: it's all gone.

Child: I know there's some up in the cupboard; I saw it when you opened the door.

Mother: Well, you don't need any now; cake hurts children.

Child: No, it don't, (whining.) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

Mother: Be still, I can't get up now, I'm busy.

Child: (Still crying.) I want a piece of cake.

Mother: (Rising hastily and reaching a piece.)

There, take that and hold your tongue! eat it up quick. I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell Ben you've had any.

(Ben enters.) Child: I have had a piece of cake; you can't have any.

Ben: Yes, I will, mother give me a piece.

Mother: There, take it, it seems as if I never could keep a bit of anything in the house. You see, sir, if you get any.

(Another room.) Child: I've had a piece of cake!

Young sister: Oh, I want some too.

Child: Well, you bawl, and mother'll give you a piece; I did.

A JUST REBUKE.—A minister took passage in one of the Lake Erie steam-boats on a Sunday. He had not been long on board before he applied for permission to hold a religious meeting. "No," said the Captain, to whom the application was made; "any minister who would travel on a Sunday isn't fit to preach on board my boat." The other slunk away abashed.

JUDICIAL PLEASANTY.—A lawyer was pleading before a Scotch Judge. Happening to have a client, a female defender in the action of the name of Tickle, he commenced his speech in the following humorous strain—"Tickle, my client, the defender, my Lord." The audience amused with the oddity of the speech, were almost drawn into hysterics of laughter, by the Judge replying, "Tickle her yourself Harry, you are as well able to do it as I."

A CLERICAL gentleman, remarkable for preaching many Sundays from one text, had nearly run through the year from these words, "Peter's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The church bell tolled one morning earlier than usual. The minister despatched a servant to enquire who was dead. The sexton pretended real ignorance, but returned for answer, "That he believed it was Peter's wife's mother, as she had been sick for a long time!"

### Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1841.

PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE, AND VIEWS IN PALESTINE.—This work merits from us a passing notice. The almost universal testimonies that have been rendered in favor of its ability, leave us little to say on its behalf. Do you wish for pictures? Here you have them reader, by the hundreds—with full and interesting letter-press descriptions. In short, the amount of valuable, intrinsically valuable and useful information embodied in the two volumes now published, is very great; and while it will be found interesting and valuable to families, and those individuals who only desire to acquire general knowledge, to the Sabbath School Teacher and Bible Class Teacher it cannot but prove an invaluable treasure. The aim of the compiler has been to do good; and many of the articles are filled with evangelical reflections and exhortations. Indeed, the work throughout, as far as possible, preserves a devotional and practical, as well as a

critical, picturesque and popular character, that it may minister to the heart, no less than to the judgment and the imagination. It is peculiarly interesting to see, and read about those cities and countries, mentioned in the Bible, and the fulfilment of the prophecies regarding them, to the very letter. The price is \$2.00 per volume.

NEW-YORK MECHANIC.—This is a publication which every Master Mechanic at least ought to receive. It is published weekly, and contains in every number descriptions of Machinery, New Inventions, &c. nearly all of them illustrated by engravings and numerous valuable Recipes. A well conducted and neatly printed sheet should receive the liberal patronage of the public, and we recommend this paper as fully worthy of support. Specimens may be seen at our office. Terms \$1.50 per annum.

RURAL REPOSITORY.—"Well done, praising himself!" thinks the reader—but hold a minute!—We wish to impress on the mind of the reader, perchance he may be a reader only, which is very often the case, that he ought to subscribe for our paper; thereby he will find himself at the end of the year in possession of a cheap and neat volume, which not only himself, but his children, and even his grandchildren, might peruse with amusement and instruction. Back numbers furnished to new subscribers. Terms \$1.00 in advance.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

A. C. Phelps, N. Y. \$10.00; T. C. West, Townsend, Vt. \$5.00; E. M. Hoffman's Ferry, N. Y. \$1.00; I. F. Salem, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. D. Newark, N. J. \$2.00; G. D. W. Providence, R. I. \$5.00; P. M. Pultneyville, N. Y. \$3.00; J. A. W. St. Louis, Mo. \$3.00; P. M. Mellenville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. E. Bouckville, N. Y. \$1.00; G. H. Prattsville, N. Y. \$1.33; N. M. Argyle, N. Y. \$1.00; M. J. South Branch, N. Y. \$1.00; T. W. R. Binghamton, N. Y. \$5.00; C. E. M. Tioga Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Schuyler's Lake, N. Y. \$1.00; I. P. Bridgeville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. E. B. Greenwich, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. E. Burnt Hills, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Hempstead, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. Skaneateles, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. Saugerties, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Farmington, N. Y. \$2.00; H. S. B. Hobart, N. Y. \$1.00.

#### Married,

In this city, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Raynor, Mr. Thomas A. Beckman to Mrs. Anna Maria Gage, both of this city.

At Claverack, on the 16th ult. by the Rev. R. Shuyter, Mr. William Finch to Miss Catharine Bortie, both of Kinderhook.

At the same place, on the 18th ult. by the same, Mr. Henry Kipp to Miss Cornelia L. daughter of the late Stephen Miller, Jr.

At the same place, on the 20th ult. by the same, Mr. Lewis Best to Miss Caroline Burden, both of Hudson.

At the same place, on the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. Andrew M. Pierce to Miss Mary Elizabeth Carroll, daughter of the late Robert Le Roy Livingston, deceased.

At Hillsdale, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Keys, Mr. Peter Johns to Miss Loretta L. Stow, adopted daughter of T. Reed, Esq. all of the above place.

At Canaan, Ct. by the Rev. Mr. Woodbridge, WILLIAM J. PETTEE, P. M. at Riga, Ct. to Miss LAURA, youngest daughter of JONATHAN DABOLL, Esq. of the former place.

At Providence, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. Mr. Jameson, Mr. George D. West, late of this city, to Miss Ann Eliza Clark, daughter of Mr. George Clark, of the firm of Fairbanks, Clark & Co. of Providence, R. I.

At West Townsend, Vt. August 29, by the Rev. H. N. Graves, Alphonso Taft, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Miss Fanny Phelps, daughter of the Hon. Charles Phelps, of West Townsend.

#### Died,

In this city, on Saturday morning the 2d inst. after forty-eight hours illness, of Scarlet Fever, Mr. William C. Smith.

On the 24th ult. Cornelia, second daughter of Mr. Stephen Currie, in the 12th year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Mr. Zachariah Bush, in the 37th year of his age.

In Greenport, on Wednesday the 8th ult. at the residence of his son-in-law, Wm. Van Deusen, John Elmen-dorph, in the 85th year of his age.

At his residence, in Ghent, on Thursday the 23d ult. Mr. Peter Hogeboom, son of the late John C. Hogeboom, deceased, aged 38 years.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## A REMINISCENCE.

'Twas years ago—I was a child,  
With heart as light, and head as wild,  
As any youth whom happiness  
Hath always deigned to cheer and bless—  
When he—the man of hoary hairs—  
Whose brow betokened many cares—  
Oft danced this form upon his knee,  
And in my guileless infancy,  
Could trace far back to that sweet time,  
When he was young and in his prime.

He died at last!—alas! how well  
I recollect the fearful knell  
That struck my heart, when he was dead,  
And lowly laid his silvery head!  
I wept—but tears could not avail—  
He lay before me cold and pale;  
His palsied hand was on his breast,  
As if he sweetly sank to rest,  
With one soft, bland, and heavenly smile,  
That played around his lips the while.  
I felt his cheek—its icy chill,  
Touched every fibre with a thrill;  
I spoke—I called him by his name—  
But echo's voice was all that came!  
I could no longer doubt that he  
Was dead!—forever dead to me!

They laid him in the silent tomb,  
And then, oh! then, the weight of gloom  
That crushed my spirit—desolate,  
Like some lone bird without its mate,  
I wandered round—nor cared for aught  
What earth contained, except that spot  
Where he was sleeping. 'Twas a tomb  
Where nought could come of sullen gloom.  
An ancient elm—a stately tree—  
The home of every bird and bee,  
Its branches spread of broad and green,  
And formed above a leafy screen;  
A group of flowers of every kind,  
Breathe balmy fragrance on the wind—  
Flowers planted by my careful hand;—  
I saw their leaflets all expand—  
I nursed them day by day, until  
They formed a scene for painter's skill;  
A hissing brook, in murmurs slow,  
Close by the swelling mound did flow—  
A pearly stream, which, sparkling bright,  
Glanced back the rays of rich sunlight.

To this sweet spot—this blest retreat,  
A path was worn by tiny feet;  
And often, at the hush of eve,  
I came to o'er his absence grieve;  
And as I dropt the silent tear,  
His spirit would be hov'ring near.  
Each gentle star, that beamed above,  
Were eyes from which he looked in love;—  
The moon, who bared her silver shield,  
His calm and placid face revealed.  
The nightingale, in every lay,  
Seemed to my aching heart to say,  
"We meet again, my lonely child,"  
And this would make me reconciled.

The very wind that fanned my cheek,  
In his loved accents seemed to speak;  
And all around, o'er earth and air,  
In whispers told that he was there,  
And made my life less hard to bear.

When on my couch at last I laid,  
And drowned in sleep my sense would fade  
The shadow of an angel's wing  
Across my closing eyes would spring,  
And there, with look of sweet delight,  
His spirit cheered me all the night!

Years, with their varying hues have passed—  
My lot with sterner man is cast—  
But never can my heart forget  
That form benign—it lingers yet,  
My path through every ill to guide,  
Till we are sleeping side by side. J.  
*Utica, Sept. 1841.*

For the Rural Repository.

## THE CHRISTIAN AT THE RIVER OF DEATH.

Suggested by a picture in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

CHRISTIAN, on the edge of life,  
Death beholding at the verge,  
Is thy soul with terrors rife,  
As thou see'st his rolling surge  
Foaming, dashing at thy feet,  
Soon to sweep thee from the shore,  
While the tempests round thee beat,  
With a fierce and threatening roar!

Look above thee! hovering near,  
See that shining angel band;  
Let their smiles thy spirit cheer—  
Firm against the billows stand!  
Though the waves may o'er thee sweep,  
Quick above them thou shalt rise;  
That bright band will near thee keep,  
And convey thee to the skies.

Death may win the final strife  
O'er thy body, but thy soul,  
Mounting up to endless life,  
Shall not feel his dread control.  
Where the Grave no victory claims,  
With that holy angel choir,  
Thou shalt swell immortal strains  
Over Death's funeral pyre. RURAL BARD.  
*New Hampton, N. H. Aug. 1841.*

For the Rural Repository.

## MY SISTER.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

WHAT memories cling around that word,  
What thoughts are in my bosom stirred,  
Whene'er that magic name is heard  
My Sister.

Youth's dreams are fresh around the heart,  
And all the scenes of childhood start,  
In which she loved to share a part,  
My Sister.

The joys, the griefs, the hopes, the fears,  
That thronged around my younger years  
With every glance of thee appears,  
My Sister.

The rosy cheek, the laughing eye,  
The gentle footstep ever nigh,  
Are blent with thee in days gone by,  
My Sister.

There is no love more pure than thine,  
No heart that beats more near to mine,  
Than that where all the graces twine,  
My Sister.

Oh may thou never cease to be  
The same thou wert, the same to me,  
As when we both were young and free  
My Sister.

May virtue lead thee long, and well,  
And guide thee o'er life's stormy swell,  
Where thousands heretofore have fell  
My Sister.

And when 'mid other scenes away,  
Will I thy guardian spirits pray  
To keep thee in the perfect way,  
My Sister.

*Comstock's Landing, 1841.*

For the Rural Repository.

## THE BRIDEGROOM TO HIS BRIDE.

Is heaven is registered the vow  
We are pledged forever, Mary,  
And that sweet tie which binds us now  
No power can sever, Mary.  
The storms of Fate may cross our way  
Our life's fair sky be clouded,  
The Hopes that now illumine our day  
In sorrow's night be shrouded;—  
But that sweet tie which binds us now  
No power can sever, Mary,  
For we have breathed Love's holy vow,  
We are pledged forever, Mary.

The smiles of those now ling'ring near  
No more may greet us, Mary,  
No more the true the fondly dear  
On earth may meet us, Mary,  
The hand of Poverty may grasp,  
And every ill betide us;  
Disease in long embrace may clasp,  
And Death awhile divide us;—  
But that sweet tie which binds us now  
No power can sever, Mary,  
For we have breathed Love's holy vow  
We are pledged forever, Mary. H. M. D.  
*Leeds, Va. 1841.*

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